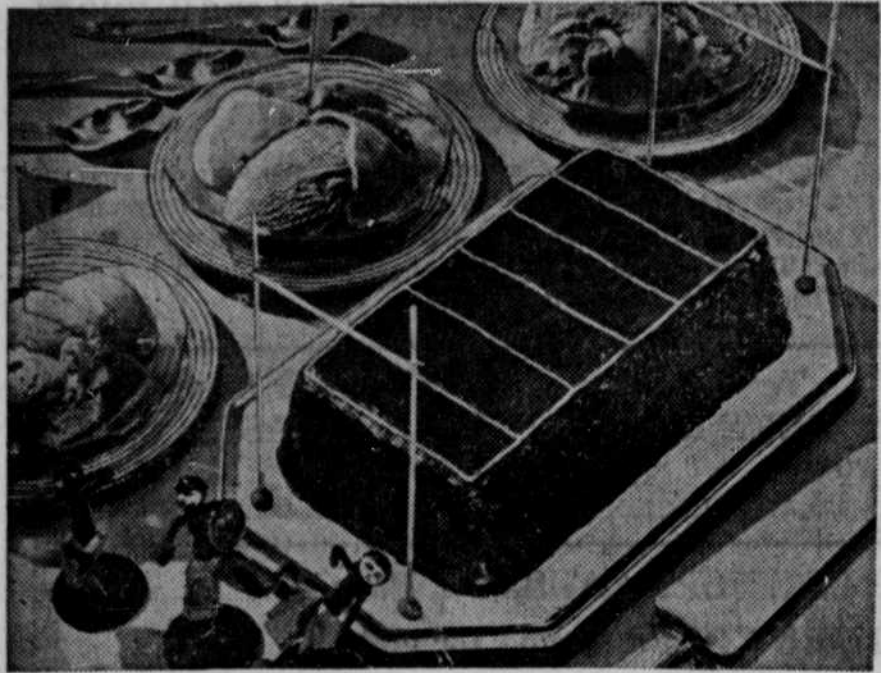


Household News

By Eleanor Howe



AFTER THE FOOTBALL GAME
See Recipes Below.

If you are entertaining the crowd after the game, you'll find substantial refreshments in favor; for the same crisp air that puts football players on their toes breeds keen appetites.

It's good social strategy to arrange everything buffet style and let the guests help themselves. You'll want a table that is festive, easy to handle, and yet casual. You may even want to set up card tables in the living room to make your guests comfortable after they have helped themselves from the buffet.

Natural colored linen, or rough homespun cloth will make a smart background for your serving table. Candles are often used very effectively, when serving buffet style, for they add both atmosphere and light.

If you double as hostess and chief cook, you'll enjoy the game twice as much if you plan a menu that can be prepared beforehand. Sandwich makings and a hot steaming beverage are a wise choice. Then wind up the feast with ice cream and chocolate cake.

Frankfurter Sandwich.
Boll or steam large frankfurters until tender and juicy. Slice thin on white or rye bread and serve with mustard sauce and hot potato salad. Garnish with pickle.

Hot Potato Salad. (Serves 6)
6 medium-sized potatoes
4 slices bacon (minced)
1 medium-sized onion (sliced)
2 tablespoons bacon drippings
1/4 cup water
1/2 cup vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Cook potatoes in jackets. Cool, skin, and slice. Pan broil minced bacon, then saute onion in bacon drippings until brown. Combine and heat water, vinegar, sugar, salt, and pepper. Add to mixture in frying pan, and mix with potatoes. Place in baking dish and heat in moderate oven (350 degrees) before serving.

Egg Meringue Surprise Sandwich. (Serves 6)
6 slices bread
1/4 cup butter (melted)
3/4 pound sharp cheese
6 eggs
Salt and pepper
6 slices bacon

Trim slices of bread and brush one side with melted butter. Place buttered side down on a cookie sheet. Cut cheese into strips about 1/4 inch in thickness. Arrange them, side by side, or fence-like on the bread. Separate eggs and drop one egg yolk in the center of each slice of bread. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Whip egg whites until stiff and dry, and pile high on top, completely covering the egg and cheese. Cut the slices of bacon into halves and place two halves on each sandwich right across the egg white. Place in moderate oven (350 degrees) and bake for 10 to 15 minutes, or until the egg white is brown and the bacon is crisp.

Silver Cake. (Makes 1 loaf cake)
1/4 cup butter
1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
2 3/4 cups cake flour (sifted)
3 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 egg whites (stiffly beaten)

Cream butter, add sugar and beat well. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to sugar and butter mixture. Mix well, and place in refrigerator. When desired for use, remove mixture from refrigerator. Break up lumps with fork. Add milk and vanilla, and beat until mixture is smooth and creamy. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased loaf cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees) for about 50 minutes.

erately slow oven (325 degrees) for about 50 minutes.

Chocolate Peppermint Frosting.
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
8 marshmallows (cut in quarters)
Few drops oil of peppermint

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk, stir over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes, or until the mixture thickens. Add marshmallows, and stir until they begin to melt. Remove from heat and add peppermint. Cool. Spread on cold cake. This frosting covers tops of 2 9-inch layers or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

Vanilla Ice Cream. (Makes 1 quart)
2 cups milk
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks (well beaten)
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 cup whipping cream

Scald milk, reserving 1/2 cup. Mix and blend the sugar, flour, and salt, and mix to a smooth paste with the cold milk which was reserved. Add this mixture to the scalded milk and cook, stirring constantly until thick, in a double boiler for 15 minutes. Add egg yolks which have been well beaten and cook, stirring constantly, 3 minutes longer. Add vanilla and chill. Fold in the whipping cream which has been whipped, place in ice cream freezer and freeze, using 3 parts ice to 1 part rock salt.

Sausages in Pastry Blankets. (Makes 8 sausage rolls)

1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup shortening
3 tablespoons cold water (approximately)
8 pork sausages

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Blend in the shortening. Then add just enough water to form a dough, mixing lightly. Roll out and cut into 8 oblong pieces, each sufficiently large to wrap around one link of sausage. Place individual sausages (well pricked) on individual pieces of pastry; fold ends over and roll up. Place folded side down on a baking sheet. Prick crust with a fork. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) for about 30 minutes. Serve very hot.

Better Baking.
The smell of baking cookies and cakes will soon be permeating the house. Fruit cakes will be baked, packed and stored carefully, until the time they are to be used for gifts. "Better Baking" includes fruit cake recipes which have been thoroughly tested in Miss Howe's own kitchens. This cook book also contains many good cookie recipes, from old-fashioned Ginger Cookies to Fudge Drops.

If you are planning on giving cookies and fruit cakes to your friends as gifts, it will be wise to write for "Better Baking" now. Start your baking early, and avoid the last minute rush. You may secure your copy of this cook book by writing to "Better Baking" care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and enclosing 10 cents in coin.

Tip on Molasses
Before measuring molasses for recipes dip the cup or spoon in hot water and the molasses will turn out more quickly.

Test for Custard
Baked custards should be tested with a knife. When knife comes out of the center of custard clean, then it is done.

LOCALE

By MEREDITH SCHOLL
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

MR. DUMONT laughed heartily and looked at his son. "Stan," he said, "when I proposed to your mother, it was a cold, blustering day in the middle of January. Snow was falling and Amy's feet were wet. Most uncomfortable. I remember it as plain as day. We were standing on the bridge in the Public Garden—"

"Did she accept you—then?" Stan asked.

"She did. We stayed on the bridge for more than an hour, and were late getting home to supper. Her dad gave me the devil."

Stan's brows puckered into a frown. Presently he asked: "Dad, you and mother loved each other a lot, didn't you? I mean, before you were married?"

"Why, yes, I suppose we did. Why?"

"Well, listen, Dad, tomorrow you're going up to the lake to open the camp for the summer, aren't you?"

"That's right." Mr. Dumont looked puzzled. "What's this all about, son?"

Stan ignored the question. "It ought to be pretty nice at the lake now, hadn't it? I mean, warm and sunshiny and—nice?"

"It's always nice at the lake. Now, look here. If you want to come up for a week or so before going to work, we'll be only too tickled to have you."

"That," said Stan, "is exactly what I want to do. But that's not all." He hesitated. "I've a friend I'd like to ask up, too."

"A friend?" Mr. Dumont studied his son's face, and presently his own broke into a smile. The light of understanding was in his eyes. "I get it," he said. "O. K., Stan, fetch her along. I guess if you think as much of her as that, your mother and I will approve."

Stan grinned boyishly. "I know you'll like her, Dad. You couldn't help but like Helen. She—she's grand!"

"She must be," Mr. Dumont agreed. He placed his hand on his son's shoulder. "Son," he said, "remember this: There's one thing that hasn't changed since your mother and I were kids."

Stan didn't grasp the significance of the remark. But for the time being he let it pass. There were too many other things to occupy his thoughts. He had to get in touch with Helen at once. There was a bare possibility that she couldn't or wouldn't accept his invitation. The thought was disturbing.

But that evening the possibility of her refusal was instantly dispelled by the dark-haired, dark-eyed, charmingly demure Helen herself. She not only accepted, she seemed eager to go. Inland lakes nestling down among green mountains, she said, were exactly her idea of a perfect setting for an ideal vacation.

Secretly Stan hoped that the inland lake would prove an ideal setting for something else, too, something that he had been contemplating for a long, long time, but lacked the courage to put into words.

Stan drove Helen up in his roadster two days after his folks left to open their camp for the summer. They arrived in the mellow light of a perfect June evening. Helen uttered exclamations of delight at every turn in the road. When the camp itself came into view her enthusiasm fairly bubbled over.

The Dumonts met them on the front porch, and Stan knew with a feeling of relief that both his mother and father approved of Helen. His dad took her hand in his and looked down into her face and smiled warmly. Stan had a momentary thought that an expression of understanding passed between them. But the idea was forgotten in the excitement of showing off the camp for Helen's benefit.

The days that followed were, for Stan, a glorious realization of dreams that he had cherished for five long years. There was but one doubt to mar his happiness, and that doubt was, he knew, the product of his own reasoning. It existed only because of his lack of courage; its continuance was and would be determined by his ability to conquer a hideous fear.

For six days Stan harbored the doubt and fear without speaking the words that would decide his future happiness. On the afternoon before the day set for Helen's departure he became desperate. They had gone by canoe to the lake's north end for a picnic lunch, and were returning when it suddenly started to rain.

ing our beautiful friendship. Will you marry me?"

Thirty minutes later they came up the walk to the camp, came into the living room where a cheery, warm blaze crackled in the open fireplace. Mr. and Mrs. Dumont turned to look at them with expressions of concern.

But Stan and Helen had begun to talk at once. "We're engaged!" they said, breathlessly and laughed.

Stan went on: "Now, I know what you mean, Dad. I mean, when you said there's one thing that never changes."

Mr. Dumont looked from his son to Helen and a twinkle came into his eyes. "Well, well," he said. "So you found out, eh?" He turned to his wife and took her hand. "I was afraid, too, son. Afraid if I proposed, it might ruin everything. I, too, thought that the proper kind of setting would, well, help my cause along. But, in those days a man couldn't select his locale, and after the day on the Public Garden's bridge, I realized how foolish I'd been to think that anything so important could be changed by a setting."

"Oh, it doesn't make the slightest difference when you're—" Helen broke off, blushing deeply.

Mr. Dumont smiled. He looked at her, her hair matted to her forehead, her lips blue with cold, her clothes clinging with wetness to her slim young form. And he looked at his son, about whose shoes a puddle of water had formed, and he nodded understandingly. "I can see that," he said. "Even without my memories of the Public Garden's bridge, I can believe that a proper setting doesn't make much difference when you're in love."

Green-Eyed Monster
By THAYER WALDO
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

JACK gazed steadfastly at her and sulked. There was, after all, little else he could do. No use to protest—make a scene—only to be humiliated by some cutting remark from her. He suppressed a sigh and set his mouth in a determinedly silent line.

Obvious to this turmoil in the breast of the male beside her, Aithra Donovan laughed and chattered airily. Four men surrounded her, giving rapt attention to each syllable.

The situation galled Jack cruelly. He and Aithra, he felt, could be so matchlessly happy together if it weren't for this constant problem. Men, men, men—they hovered ever about Aithra as yellowjacks around a jam-pot.

"All right!" It was the director speaking. "Miss Donovan and Mr. Kilgore, please; we're ready for scene eleven, sequence B."

Aithra left her admirers and went toward the set.

It was a brief and intimate little scene, involving just the couple. Aithra, as a debutante of the nineties, was required to incite by subtle suggestion a proposal from her hesitant beau.

"You comport yourself, dear friend David, almost as if my company bored you." The line was spoken with a note of tantalizing coyness that stabbed Jack; she so rarely used it with him.

"I do wish, if only for vanity's sake, that you were not quite so distant."

Jack listened rebelliously to the fellow's stammered apology; watched with mounting hatred as he crossed the set to sit beside her. "Ah, then you truly like me?" Aithra was cooing. For answer, Kilgore pressed his hand to his lips. Jack's breathing labored. Love, it him, meant a devotion so great that to diffuse it was unthinkable. But Aithra was an actress; her life consisted of endless angling for the favor and notice of those around her.

Yet Jack was incapable of viewing it so. The cravings and demands of his passionate nature spurred compromise.

He half rose, then sank back again as someone called, "Cut!" and the pair separated. The director said: "Not quite enough fervor, I'm afraid, Mr. Kilgore. Remember, you've been the bashful suitor a long while and now that you've gotten started, you give it everything. Let's try another take on that last part; okay?"

Both players nodded, and in an instant Kilgore was once again blurted forth his awkward proposal. As before, Aithra gave an eager affirmative and fairly threw herself into his arms. Savagely Jack fought for mastery of his rising gorge. But this time the thing was too strong for him. Unreasoning fury gained control at sight of the ardor those two put into their embraces. He commenced to twitch all over, sprang to his feet, and dashed toward them. A cameraman saw him coming and tried to block the way, but too late. Jack was past him and lunging at Kilgore. Then Aithra's voice rang out piercingly: "Jack—stop it!"

The command entered his seething brain like a knife thrust, and suddenly the madness dropped from him. Bracing his feet, he pulled up short with stiff, quivering legs and head adroop. The hand of the woman he loved slapped stingingly across his face and she cried: "You bad brute, you! From now on you'll stay at home! . . . I'm so sorry, Mr. Kilgore. It's odd; collies are the most insanely jealous dogs. Did you see that green flame in his eyes?"

Patterns

SEWING CIRCLE



1228-B

HERE'S real lullaby luxury, for yourself and the lucky friends to whom you give it—this bedtime ensemble comprising a high-waisted nightie that's lovely as a dance frock, and a sweet little bed jacket. Send for design No. 1228-B, and make it up in fine, sheer batiste, chiffon, georgette or—if the cold wind sweeps through your bedroom—of challis or albatross. It will look as though you had squandered a shameful amount of your clothes allowance, but it will in reality cost very little.

This is an extremely easy design to make—the jacket is cut in two pieces and seamed on the shoulders; the nightie requires merely two long seams and a few gathers.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1228-B is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42.

Strange Facts

Original Names All Are Nobles Women in the Fore

Originally, Jerusalem was named Salem, the giraffe was called the camolopard, the Salvation Army was known as the Christian Mission, the Marseillaise bore the title of The War Song of the Army of the Rhine, and Princeton university was called the College of New Jersey (from 1746 to 1896).

Turopolje, Yugoslavia, a district containing 30 villages and 13,000 people, is the only community in the world in which every citizen, through a centuries-old decree, automatically becomes a nobleman or noblewoman at birth and owns and displays his individual coat of arms.

Women constitute 98 per cent of the pearl divers of Japan, 80 per cent of the dentists of Finland, 80 per cent of the bartenders of England and 20 per cent of the coal miners of Russia.—Collier's.

Corresponding bust measurements 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 (34) requires 6 1/2 yards of 30-inch material without nap. Just out! Be among the first to enjoy it! Barbara Bell's new Fashion Book, with more than 100 new designs. Send 15c for it now! Plan your whole wardrobe this easy, budget-saving way, and reveal in having individual versions of new styles that you won't see elsewhere! Pattern, 15c; Pattern Book, 15c. One Pattern and Pattern Book ordered together, 25c. Send order to:

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ed pleat at each corner of the skirt also give a professional touch. If down or feathers are used to fill the separate cushion, make an inner cushion of ticking with a top and a bottom piece the size of the box top; and a straight three-inch piece around the sides. If kapok is used for filling, this inner cushion may be made of muslin.

NOTE: These directions should be clipped from the paper as they are not available in booklet form. However, complete directions for making slip covers and for making corded seams are in SEWING, Book No. 1, No. 3 also contains valuable slip cover suggestions. These 32-page booklets are 10c each. Send order to:

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Tight Place

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide will turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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